He be as miſerable ſlaine as *I*.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my daies,
And when *I* giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe? Thy Father ſlew my father, therefo
Die.
Plantagenet I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy ſonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. *Ex*
Alarmes, Enter the Duke of *Yorke ſolus*.
Yorke Ah *Yorke*, poſt to thy caſtell, ſaue thy life,
The goale is loſt thou houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thriſe happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my ſonnes;
But this I know they haue demeand themſelues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came *Richard* to my ſight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death,
And twiſe ſo oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In bloud of thoſe whom he had ſlaughtered.
Oh harke, *I* heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to ſaue my life? And heere *I* ſtaie:
And heere my life muſt end.

Enter the *Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,* and ſouldiers.

Come bloudie *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your ſhot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet*,
Clif. I, to ſuch mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My aſhes like the *Phœnix* maie bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why ſtaie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens pierſing tallents:
So deſperate theeues all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainſt the officers.
York. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that ſlaunderſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes, twiſe two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford* for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, ſpeake thou *Northumberland*.
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote awaie?